THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

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HERE AND THERE.

The Prince of Wales is suffering from a slight cold.

Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimer has been appointed to the command of the Division of Guards.

The Home Secretary, assisted by the Chief Commissioner of Police, Mrs. Brown, three Chelsea pensioners, and a young ladies' school, are really going to take the cab question in hand. Great results are promised next Candlemas.

The Duke of Edinburgh was expected to arrive at Agra on the 20th inst.

Troppmann was executed on Wednesday at daybreak. During the interval between sentence and execution not less than 3,825 letters addressed to him were stopped at the post-office. The majority of the writers implored him to disclose the name of his accomplices, whilst others wrote to exhort him to make his peace with God before he died. Several of the letters contained menaces of death against members of "Troppmann's family if he revealed the names of his accomplices."

Dr. Dasent, of the *Times*, has been appointed a Civil Service Commissioner.

Cueilli au dernier bal de Mme. Trois-Etoiles.

"Edouard, fais donc danser cette grosse dame en bleu."

"Oui, maman, si tu me donnes vingt francs."

"Tu les auras."

Aussitôt un petit monsieur chauve, qui n'avait rien perdu du dialogue, se précipite et arrive en même temps qu'Edouard devant la dame en bleu.

"Chère amie," dit-il, "je te présente monsieur, qui a la plus grand *intéret à* danser avec toi."

Pas trop mal pour un mari.

One of the last sensational advertisements:—"The man with the shabby hat has escaped from his Martha. The public are cautioned against giving him credit. M. B."

Chez une cocotte, rue de Navarin:

"Dis donc, Madame Elisa," lui demande le bibi de la concierge, "c'est-il vrai que vous n'êtes pas mariée avec M. Jules?"

"Mais si, mon chèri?"

"Alors, où est votre globe?"

"Quel globe?"

"Celui où on met son bouquet de fleurs d'oranger!"

"Eh bien! ce sont des déménageurs qui me l'ont pris."

Mr. Leigh Murray died suddenly on Monday last, in the 49th year of his age.

The sudden closing of the Holborn Theatre, and Mr. Barry Sullivan's relinquishment of his laudable endeavours to find a sufficient public favourable to representations of the higher class of drama will be a subject of sincere regret to many. But the argument of a failing exchequer is of a very convincing kind, and, as Aaron Hill said in the last century, "it is not a manager's business to be wise to empty boxes." Mr. Sullivan's tenancy of the Holborn has extended over some nine months, so that he is not to be charged with want of patience in his efforts to obtain public support, and he has certainly shown that he possesses "the courage of his opinions." He engaged a company of fair ability, and produced with care and liberality various works of fame in the dramatic repertory, and new to the modern generation of playgoers. In many respects the plays performed at the Holborn Theatre were as well sustained as the existing condition of the stage would allow of. Applause and patronage were not wanting; but these did not take sufficiently substantial forms. In plain terms, the expenses were in excess of the receipts.

The night before Troppmann's execution a curious attempt was made by some of the lowest of the rabble of Paris to interfere with the course of justice by making a sudden attack on the building in which the guillotine is kept. Several men got on the roof of the building and commemced tearing away the slates to the cry of "Vive la République!" However, at the sight of some soldiers they decamped.

The London correspondent of the *Scotchman* telegraphed yesterday morning:—"There is a rumour, which has gained currency in London, to the effect that information has been received of the murder of Dr. Livingstone. Up to the sending of this telegram, however, no authentic confirmation had been obtained."

On Thursday night Mr. Elliman, while replying to a toast at the Volunteer dinner at Slough, suddenly expired. Mr. Charsley, coroner for Bucks, was so overcome by the occurrence that he fell into a fit, in which he remained for twenty minutes.

Dr Pinel gives it as his opinion that the head of a decapitated person *lives* for about three hours after separation from the trunk.

Mr. Ayrton intends, it is said, to disendow Victoria Park.

Some little excitement appears to have been caused among the ladies employed in the Engraving and Printing Branch of the Treasury at Washington, owing to Superintendent McCarter putting up several notices forbidding swearing, profane language, chewing, and smoking in his bureau. The ladies were annoyed, not at being denied the privilege of indulging in these practices, but at its being supposed that their habits were such as to render such prohibition necessary.

The following sensible custom prevails at Stuttgard, the capital of Wurtemberg. On the afternoon of New Year's Day a sort of fair, or exchange for visiting cards, is held in a public place. All the servants of good houses, and all the commissionaires, meet there, and one among them, mounted on a bench or table, calls out the addresses. At each name announced a cloud of cards falls into a basket placed for the purpose, and the representative of the person for whom these cards are intended can pocket his contingent. Each follows in his turn, and in a few minutes hundreds of cards have reached their destination without fatigue to anyone. Will no public-spirited leader of fashion introduce this admirable system here?

At the Rev. H. W. Beecher's annual auction of reserved seats in Plymouth Church, New York, the best place was knocked down for 615 dollars. 490 and 485 dollars were paid for the next best stalls—we mean sittings—which went off, altogether, at Jenny Lind prices.

Dr. Poggioli, the physician attached to the Théâtre Italien in Paris, has been electrifying singers troubled with hoarseness with extraordinary success. Mr. Pulvermacher should at once patent an "opera necklace" for the use of *prime donne* with sore throats.

The result of a series of elaborate and exhaustive experiments conducted by Dr. Fayrer, of India, seems to prove that no known remedy is of the slightest efficacy as an antidote to the poison of the cobra, the bungarus, or the daboid, the commonest of the snakes of Northern India.

The Sancy diamond is for sale at a jeweller's in Calcutta just now. Here is the account the jeweller gives of it:—"This diamond is of an almond shape, and weighs 60⅜ rutties. The stone was found on the body of the Duke of Burgundy, and was afterwards, in 1479, bought by the King of Portugal. He sold it to Nicholas de Barly, Baron de Sancy, from whom it derives its name. Sancy sent it to the King as a present, by the hand of a servant, who, being attacked by robbery, swallowed the stone, and after his death the stone was found in his body. It finally came into the hands of James II. of England, who sold it to Louis XIV. for 25,000*l*. Its almond form, completely facetted over (a mode quite unknown then or at any other time in Europe), indisputably proves that it was an Indian-cut stone. In the French Revolution it disappeared for some time; some years later it was sold to Prince Paul Demidoff; and now, after a strange series of vicissitudes finds its way to Calcutta."

The latest comic song has the unusual feature of funniness in idea. The chorus runs thus:

"I saw Esau kissing Kate
And the fact is we all three saw:
For I saw Esau, he saw me,
And she saw I saw Esau."

A New Orleans reporter was being shown through the insane asylum the other day, when he encountered a very pretty blue-eyed damsel, who at once rushed into his arms with the exclamation, "Oh, my dear husband!" The reporter wished to soothe the agitated feelings of the little unfortunate, and stroked her hair caressingly as he replied, "Why, my little dear, did you think I would stay away from you?" "No," she innocently replied, "you always liked to kiss me." "But you know you are insane, my dear," he said. "Yes," she replied wearily, "that's the reason I kiss you."

At Liverpool for the last four years the great gymnastic institution in Myrtle-street has been open, at different hours, to young men and young ladies alike, and all who remember the anticipations formed of it by Lord Derby (then Lord Stanley) in his inaugural address, will rejoice to learn that, sanguine—for him, particularly sanguine—as they were, they have been more than realised. Its success is doubtless due to the sagacity of its founders in providing that its exercises should be performed under the direction of a medical man—a condition which, important as it is in the case of young men, is paramount in the case of young women. The initiative so happily made in Liverpool is about to be followed up in the metropolis; and a least one institution, in Bruton-street, Bond-street, we believe, has been opened for the physical training of young ladies, under medical supervision.

Messrs. Madden and Daft announce for publication a *Modern Euclid* specially adapted to the period. We are enabled to submit a specimen to our readers:—

Xerxes said that the Cretans were liars.
But Xerxes was a Cretan.
Therefore *he* was a liar.
Therefore the Cretans were *not* liars.
But Xerxes was a Cretan.
Therefore Xerxes was *not* a liar.
But he said the Cretans were liars.
Therefore the Cretans *were* liars.

But it has already been shown that they were *not* liars, which is impossible.

Therefore, &c., Q. E. D.

Chez un marchand de nouveautés.

Une dame achête des jarretières. Le commis les enveloppe et les remet gracieusement avec le traditionnel:

"Et avec cela, madame?"

"Avec cela? Eh bien, je ferai tenir mes bas."

It has been argued (very illogically) by Mrs. Brown that Prince Buonaparte's escapade must be connected with Fenianism because it took place in the "Rue *D'O'Toole*."

THE MAN ABROAD.

Rome, January 11.

THE Æcumenical Council is, of course, the all-absorbing topic of conversation in Rome, but for those who care more for the priceless treasures and works of art to be met with in the eternal city, the Æcumenical Council is voted somewhat of a bore. As you rattle through the narrow streets leading from the railway station to your hotel, you are fain to ask yourself the question, is this really Rome? Can this be the imperial city of the Cæsars? Is it possible that "the slowly-fading mistress of the world" has sunk to such a dismal, squalid, melancholy city? These are one's first impressions, though they are generally modified after a sight of the Coliseum and the magnificent architectural "relics of a bygone age." The fact of it is, Rome lives entirely upon the prestige of her glorious past, the modern city is wretched in comparison with what ancient Rome must have been. I'll defy one to be lively in Rome; a sad and gloomy grandeur seems to hang over the place—possibly some of the results of priestly government. The wooden structure dignified by the name of railway station is dirty and inconvenient in the highest degree, and the passport system being in full force, one's reminiscences of railway travelling in His Holiness's dominions are of anything but a pleasant nature. The streets positively bustle with bayonets; *gendarmes*, *sergents-de-vill*, French troops, and Papal Zouaves are in great force. The latter have rather a hard time of it, and unless a man has money he would certainly starve upon the very limited allowance made him by the Pontifical Government; but they are sustained in their devotion by the Papal benediction, occasionally administed in lieu of more substantial favours. In course of conversation with one of these gentlemen, I was informed that a comrade of his had been shot at no less than six times during his stay there of as many months. That does not say much for "the goodwill between man and man" that Archbishop Manning in his recent pastoral boasted was so conspicuous in the eternal city. St. Peter's is the great object of attraction, which, from its old associations is not to be wondered at. The crimson hangings put up at Christmas and on all festival occasions, mar its otherwise fine effect. As every one knows, there is considerable similarity of design between St. Peter's and our own St. Paul's; and if the merchant princes and great companies of London would come forward and contribute funds to finish the metropolitan cathedral as its architect desired, Wren's noble masterpiece would bear the palm from its magnificently decorated rival. The difference is sad to contemplate—St. Peter's rich in mosaics and many-coloured marbles, and St. Paul's bare, unfinished, and uncared for. What a slur upon the richest city in the world!

The sights of Rome are legion, and many and many a delightful hour can be spent in enjoying the rich feast provided, in the shape of matchless pictures, choice sculptures, and fine old historic remains. As one gazes on the grandest picture in the world, Raphael's "Transfiguration," who cares for Æcumenical Councils *et hoc genus omne*. The gardens on the Pincian Hill are very pleasant, and the Villa Borghese, situated in a beautiful park, is well worthy of a visit, as it possesses a rich collection of art treasures. In one of the upper rooms is the celebrated Venus of Canova; the figure is half nude and reclines on a couch. The sculptor took for his model the sister of the first Napoleon, and the story is told, that upon some one, having a due regard for propriety, expressing astonishment that the lady should have consented to sit for the scantily attired figure, she made the reply that "she did not feel at all cold, for there was a good fire in the room." The various palaces, from the Vatican downwards, are thrown open with great liberality to visitors, and all, more or less, possess beautiful work of art; the most interesting of all, excepting the Vatican, being the Palazzo Borghese. The churches of Rome are, of course, a great feature in the city; S. John Lateran, where the Popes are crowned, S. Mari Maggiore, and the Church of the Jesuits are noble temples. In the latter is to be seen a monument of Ignatius Loyola, sculptured in massive silver. "His bones, enshrined amidst jewels, are placed beneath the altar of God." S. Paul's Basilica, situate in a dismal swamp, about three miles from Rome, is probably the grandest church erected in modern times. Tens of thousands of pounds have been expended on this truly magnificent structure; and though no one can visit it without being profoundly impressed with its colossal proportions, and with the exquisite beauty of its decorations and architectural design, still, the thought will present itself that more good might have been accomplished, and Heaven more truly glorified, had a portion of the amount been expended in promoting those sanitary improvements of which Rome stands so sadly in need.

Nice, Jan. 18.

Perhaps the peculiar charm of Nice and its satellite Towns of Cannes, Monaco, and Mentone, is the absence of any particular and fixed programme of amusement. In Paris, in London, and in Vienna, the fashionable world lives by rule. In the former city, for instance, one never goes out early in the day, unless it be to the Bois, during the early summer mornings. Breakfast at 12, lasting a couple of hours, a stroll on the Boulevards after a couple of hours by the shores of the Lake, the interval between that and dinner at the club; after dinner, the theatre, and finally, reception, ball, or supper at the Golden House, as the case may be, is the beat of the fashionable world. Here "we change all that." One seems to get up in the morning with the day before one, and a pleasant feeling of being at liberty to dispose of it as one likes, and as circumstances, later on, may occur, to give one's ideas a new turning. A good deal, no doubt, lies in the secret, that to bask in the sun on a seat in the Promenade des Anglais in the middle of January, is in itself a long-lasting and novel pleasure to those who are more familiar with the great transformation scenes of our own climate than with the sunny land of Provence. No doubt day after day one sees the same faces, if not the same dresses and costumes (those one very rarely does see a second time), and in time the pleasure of criticising and gossipping about one's fellow-visitors begins to pall; besides which this season the scandals have been happily—unhappily, if you will—very few and far between. We are, at present, steeped to the lips in all the horrors of the "Drama of Auteuil," as it has been christened by the sensation-loving French papers. Being so aristocratic here we naturally side with the Prince, though, as far as the reputation of all the parties concerned goes, it is a case of among the blind, the one-eyed man being king. Prince Pierre Bonaparte has never been tolerated by the Imperialist circles, much less by those on the other side of the water, but as he seems to have been determined to run amuck of some one, it is a pity that he did not exterminate M. Rochefort instead of Victor Noir, for he would have rid us of the most pestilent *charlatan* that has ever been produced, even in this country, where the changes of the last 80 years have brought to the surface some very choice specimens of the political adventurer. To make a martyr of such a man would be a mistake, but with his late performances in view, he must be improved off the face of France, or at least of "circulation," unless law and order are to become as suppositious creations of fancy as those two gentlemen, the twin brothers Doe and Roe. I won't make a long disquisition on political matters here, but even in Nice, where politics are as a rule tabooed, the events of the past week have been the principal objects of conversation. People are naturally anxious to be able to live in Paris without having continually before their eyes the fear of being shot down or burnt out by the ragged following of the *Rappel* and the *Marseillaise*. As it is, there is never a month passes without some alarm or other of the sort; and many who would otherwise be in Paris have added to our numbers here, and if they are not in Nice, have at least left their quarters *là-bas*. This state of affairs may be very pleasant for Nice, but it is the ruin of Paris, and will, I hope, ere long be put an end to. Five years' imprisonment, which will probably be Rochefort's fate, will have a very sedative effect on the blatant reds who, since Government has given them leave to print what they like, have been going from strength to strength. Let us hope it may disperse them entirely, and give us peace and quietness for a year or two at least. *Que je revienne à mes moutons*. I was saying just now that the season, so far had been going along very quietly. There have been no elopement,[*] as last year, when the latter part of the season afforded such a splendid *plat* of scandal to the *gobemouches*, nor have I heard of any fabulous sums being lost or won either at Monaco or the Cercle Massena. Nice has been holding on the even tenor of its way, dining much and dancing a little, flirting, and, in some cases, giving in marriage, but in no way *faisant de dehors*. The company this year is of a quieter turn of mind than the battalions of *cocodettes* and *crevés* who honoured us with their presence last year. Notwithstanding the races which are to come off next week, I don't anticipate that there will be any great incursion of these outer barbarians, such as takes place at Baden, a few evenings before the Iffezheim meeting, when the Custom-house officers at Wehl are driven to desperation by the houses on wheels, which are the necessary travelling companions of the female portion of the immigrants. Like a cloud of locusts they swoop down on M. Dupressoir's—I mean the Grand Duke's—pleasant land, and after a week's labour flit back to the asphalte of their beloved boulevard, and the dust of their perennial Bois. Here we are, I think, protected by the extra distance from any such invasion—a few skirmishers perhaps, but no regular army.

I fear that the steeplechases will not be very good this time, asmany of the principal owners have not entered their horses, and there is a great dearth of English horses in all the closed races. Though the prizes are so considerable, not only is the great distance a formidable drawback, but the time of year also operates very unfavourably. It necessitates work at the very time when trainers are always anxious to give their horses a short rest. I think an early spring meeting, combining flat racing with the present programme, some fortnight before the opening of the Paris campaign would be a good change. Still, there will be good fun next week, if not good sport, Baden—Baden without the racing. Baron Haussman arrived here a few days since in state. M. Garini, the prefect whose game I suppose may be considered to be played out, and whose bitterest foe is an Ollivier, (which seems strange, when one considers how acclimatised he must be with them) met him at the station, and conducted him to the villa which he possesses here, and where he will pass the remainder of the winter in calm and peace after his long battle with the Parisians—for a battle it really has been. I have heard that Mr. Ayrton and Sir John Thwaites have been induced by the promise of peerages to allow Baron Haussman to be appointed prefect of London, and that an influential deputation will arrive in the course of a few days here to urge him to accept the post, which will be created as soon as Parliament meets.

THE MAN AT MUDIE'S.

MRS. JERNINGHAM'S JOURNAL.*

THE admirers of the *Angel in the House* will think they recognise in *Mrs. Jerningham's Journal* the work of the same hand. They will be struck with the same sketchy yet skilful portraiture of character, the same delicate touches of humour, the same tenderness, the same dangerous mixture of poetry with prose. We say dangerous, because if there be but a step between the sublime and the ridiculous, there is also a very narrow and slippery division between a too homely pathos and such commonplace and every-day details which must inevitably provoke a smile. The following lines will explain our meaning:—

> "To-night we dined with Lady Græme;
> I wore my sky-blue silk—the same
> At Mrs. Payne's I'd meant to wear
> Had John allowed me to be there.
> Fanny my hair did well enough
> Over a most triumphant puff.
> It rose a yard above my head,
> Crowned by a wreath of roses red."

They will remind the reader of something very similar from the pen which we imagine to be identical:—

> "Whilst thus I grieved, and kiss'd her glove,
> My man brought in her note to say
> Papa had bid her send his love,
> And would I dine with him next day?"

Now it is, perhaps, difficult to define what poetry is, but it is easy enough to say what it is not, and it must be conceded even by Mr. Patmore's most enthusiastic admirers that this is

* *Mrs. Jerningham's Journal.* Macmillan and Co.

very little better than simple doggrel, ordinarily described as prose run mad.

Simplicity is a great thing, it is a great merit; but the simplicity which portrays common affairs in a common manner carries the pen out of the region of the poet. It sins against the fitness of things, and jars upon the ear as incongruous and displeasing. Nor is this at all necessary to the lifelike, unassuming character of the poem that such trifling blots should be permitted; its easy, unaffected truthfulness is certainly the very essence of its charm; but as we have already said, the distinction which separates poetry from prose is a very subtle one, and as the author has elected to write his story in the former, let him keep to it.

The story is this. A young, inexperienced girl, almost a child, marries a business man, who, far from comprehending how inexperienced and how childish she is, leaves her day after day shut up in a London house, whilst he pursues his ordinary avocations. He does not see that she is lonely, without occupation, deprived of her "darling birds and flowers." longing for "a scamper on the lawn," "a ride," her croquet and archery; but he is very sincerely in love with her, and thinks that love should be all sufficient, considering, with the narrow-mindedness peculiar to very honest men, that she ought to be content with the duties upon which she has voluntarily entered, and with the change which she has adopted of her own free will. He thinks she should learn to put away childish things, and turn at once into the sober matron, who has no thought beyond her husband's comfort, and the routine duties of home. He is, moreover, a stern man, and the archness, sauciness, and pretty foolish ways which charmed him in the girl he looks upon in the wife as so many signs of levity, pertness, and want of principle. He is disappointed in her, thinks she does not love him, that she is incapable of pure, true love, and at last, finding that she sets all his rules and regulations at defiance, and further flirts *à l'outrance* with a certain silly guardsman, he downright quarrels with her, and finds a pretext of business matters in Spain to leave her, but under the surveillance of an old and tried friend, who promises to arrange a little penitential residence for her at the seaside during his absence.

The interview between the good Sir James and the poor foolish child who is throwing away her own and her husband's happiness, out of sheer folly and inexperience, is so pretty we cannot do better than quote at least a part of it:—

"I told him all, from first to last,—
So grave his looks my tears felt fast.
And I accepted my disgrace,
Reading my sentence in his face.

He whistled very soft and low,
And cried, 'It is a precious mess;
How could you treat your husband so?
He'll not forgive you soon, I guess.

'Youth, beauty, health, friends not a few,
An easy income, pleasant lot,
A noble fellow, fond of you—
What could you want you had not got?
To shatter such a life to bits?
And all for what? for nothing! or
To let that foolish fellow, Fitz,
Say things he should be horsewhipped for!

'Pray, do you know the use of life—
That no one's life is his alone?
Or what it is to be a wife
And call a good man's love your own?
And to be trusted with a trust—
Trusted, and yet to be untrue;
To lay his honour in the dust
And break a heart that beats for you?'

Each word he said appeared a law,
That, if accepted, might restore,
And each a picture seemed to draw
Of beauty never known before.
I caught a glimpse of paradise—
Of lovely order, pleasure fit,
And then I hid my weeping eyes
Because I was shut out from it.

'And such a man is John—by Jove!
A woman might adore that man.
He loved you with a real love
As only real fellows can!
How dared you play with life like that,
Making a trifle of a sin?
Child! did you know what you were at
Or half the danger you were in?'

'Danger? Ah, yes,' I sadly cry,
'I've lost my husband's love, 'tis plain,
And told him such a wicked lie,
We never can be friends again!'

He stared at me. 'Is that the whole?'
While yet he frowned he almost smiled,
And softly said, God bless my soul,
How could John marry such a child?"

Sir James insists upon the husband's return, when the same series of misunderstandings is begun again.

She would

"Rather far be fair than wise!"

She tells him

"There's such a charm in doing ill
It cannot always be withstood!"

And he replies,—

"'You think so' (I had meant no harm,
And found his satire hard to bear)—
'Some women somehow find a charm
In all that's excellent and fair.'"

But two really honest and really loving hearts cannot go on for ever at the miserable game of cross questions and crooked answers. They are reconciled.

Some exquisite lines from *The Angel in the House* seem as if they had been written so expressly to point the moral of the story that they can hardly be found out of place:—

"How many times it comes to pass
That trifling shades of temperament,
Affecting only one, alas!
Not love, but love's success prevent:
How manners often falsely paint
The man; how passionate respect
Hid by itself, may bear the taint
Of coldness and a dull neglect;
And how a little outward dust
Can a clear merit quite o'ercloud,
And make her fatally unjust,
And him desire a darker shroud;
How senseless opportunity
Gives baser men the better chance;
How powers, adverse else, agree
To cheat her in her ignorance;
How far Providence itself conspires
With man and nature against love.
As pleased to couple cross desires,
And cross where they themselves approve.
Wretched were life, if the end were now,
But this gives tears to dry despair,
Faith shall be blest, we know not how,
And love fulfilled we know not where."

THE NEW BANKRUPTCY LAWS.

THERE is something deeply affecting in the requiem which the last day of the old year sung upon bankruptcy in its old, and, let us say, well-known form. It is now put before us in a questionable shape, and one that requires all our ingenuity to fathom. The Money Market in the City seems to be little affected by it, but the market elsewhere—we mean that represented by "Old Sherry" and "curious pictures"—is most wofully tight. We read, however, with considerable interest in the columns of our contemporaries that after the horrid rush, worse than the Bristol Theatre crowd, of 400 bankrupts on the last day of the old year struggling for precedency in Basinghall-street, and in which, no doubt, many a hardly used man had the opportunity of bonnetting his opposing solicitor or creditor, and thereby getting rid of a certain amount of opposition, the admissions to prison have been very few, and the bankruptcies not worth speaking of. It will be interesting to watch what effect this new feature will have, and how trade amongst the shopkeepers will benefit, especially that of the itinerant jeweller, who will no longer be able to unfold to the eye of the unsuspecting Ensign that roll of resplendent jewellery which he can pay for "when it's convenient." No, decidedly Othello's occupation's gone here. We fear that the outside of the cup and the platter—the man who hitherto rejoiced in those outward habiliments that have proclaimed him the officer and the gentleman, in the shape of hat, clothes, and umbrella—will be reduced to the simple but unaffected suit of dittos, and the stick which his own ingenuity will cut and varnish—unless, indeed, the Government suggest that, as they have decreased the expenditure of the nation, and increased pauperism, they may as well pay the soldier a little more, for the sake of doing something right for once in a way. Certainly, tailors, shoemakers, hatters, hosiers, *et hoc genus omne*, will for the next few months be inordinately careful, until, as they have privately confessed to us, "they see how it acts." We have wondered, too, if it will affect the bookmakers. This is a nice question. "I'll take your four ponies, sir," to a man got up in the best fashion, will, we fear, be reduced to "I'll take your 20s. to a pound to the same individual draped in a billy-cock hat and a suit of dittos. We are free to confess that at present we don't see much good done. By the way, there is a little good: we have seen so many long-forgotten faces that have turned up in the old lounges since the old law of arrest for debt has been done away with, that we seem to have gone back to the days of yore. To be sure, they are a little aged, and some of their vigour seems to have departed. They seem, too, to have acquired a slight, a very slight, foreign accent—but that, after all, is nothing, and we confess to have at least derived some benefit from the new institution—that of seeing old friends once again that we thought to look no more upon in this world. We have therefore arrived at the following conclusions about the new Bankruptcy Act:—

1st. That the old Act was too lenient.

2nd. That the new Act is too severe.

3rd. That the English race are naturally dishonest, and object to being forced to discharge even 50 per cent. of their liabilities.

Nos. 1 and 2 admit of discussion; but, alas! No. 3 is an indisputable fact—we may say, a stern reality.

OUR PRIZE RHYMES.

PRIZE WORD No. XIII.—STOMACH.

First—

It seems a very rum ac-
Count, but I can tell 'ee,
I have heard a suffering stomach
Can be soothed (outside) by jelly.

Take of currant, pine, or plum, a c-
Up of jelly, warm and sweet;
Rub it briskly on the stomach
And the cure will be complete.

BLACK AND CROSSWELL.

Second—

Fair is the view o'er the water of Crummock
When Summer's enthroned in splendour and grace,
But Winter, her foe, will change the sweet face
Into iceberg and snow-drifted hummock,
The tourist's eye then no feature would own,
The chill of the blast would enter his bone,
And upset his too delicate stomach.

SIR BORS.

Third—

In a clipping good run with the hounds t'other day
I had taken the lead, and was pounding away,
When my old horse fell over a hummock;
And from being the first in a very good thing
I returned slowly home with my arm in a sling,
And a very bad pain in my stomach.

OLD FARMER.

Peg! Peg!! Peg!!!
With a wooden leg,
Here's an old sailor come to beg.
He complains of a shot he received in his stomach,
But, what is more likely, a fall from his hammock,
After drinking too much from a keg.
Chorus—After drinking, &c.

J. P. C.

PRIZE WORD No. XIV.—JUNIPER.

☞ The prizes will be open to general competition among all comers, upon the following conditions:—The rhymes must be fair and honest, with no admixture of cockneyism, Yankeeism, or vulgarism of any sort. They must be framed in a couplet or stanza, which shall be constructed with due regard to the laws of grammar and prosody, and present some approach to a meaning.

*** All the competing papers must be anonymous, but each distinguished by some initial or epigraph which the winner should reproduce when claiming his prize to prove his title thereto.

Papers must be sent so as to reach the *M. A. T* Office not later than Thursday noon.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

KNAVESMIRE.—The ground on which York races are held. It is sometimes applied to the whole Turf.

OL. JEC. ASEL.—We happen to be able to say yes unhesitatingly. But what a question! You must be a Jongh man.

CANIS.—We shall make known our views on the Waterloo Cup in due course. We cannot at present say whether "Cock Robin" will make it the subject of song or not.

DUM-DUM.—Ah, if you were!

R. S. (Leeds).—The coat of a skye should certainly *not* be silky. It should be straight, stiff, and shining, more like horsehair than anything else, and yet not quite like that. "*Experientia*," as Mr. Micawber says, "does it."

ROSALIE.—We shall always be glad of anything from your pen—on stamped paper.

WEAVER.—We can't get to the bottom of your letter. There is something looming behind your pothooks and hangers, but we cannot make out what. Write more fully.

L.—Mrs. Boucicault, then Miss Agnes Robertson, played in the *Corsican Brothers* on its first representation at the Princess's.

PRIZE RHYMES.

Competition papers have been received from:—Silas Marner, Schoolboy, Ab Domen, Seaman, W. J. W., L. C., C. F. R., Spes, Dobbin, P. R., X. Y. Z., Jack.

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1870.

AGAIN have the only exciting novelties of the week reached us *viâ* Paris, where the prosecution of M. Rochefort and the execution of Troppmann have furnished material for enough talk, gesticulation, and *sirop d'orgeat* to slay a regiment. As it is not for me to interfere with the functions of Mr. Julius Reuter, I shall content myself with two of the smallest contributions to the heap beneath which each subject is buried. The first is to record, to the eternal honour and glory of the journalistic profession, that two of the *rédacteurs* of the *Gaulois*, impelled by public spirit alone, set out to the spot where Troppmann asserted that his famous *portefeuille* was concealed, passed many hours in the rain and cold, engaged in the cheerful occupation of digging, and finally returned to Paris with the conviction that they had been "done." The second is to recall to readers of *Les Trois Mousquetaires* that the present M. Rochefort was not the first of his name who has made a reputation in Paris. It will not escape the recollection of the admirers of the Chapeau Rouge, that Rochefort the First was called *L'âme damnée du Cardinal*.

Here, by which I mean to convey the brick-and-mortar desolation of Babylon the Great, there is nothing to ruffle a feather or raise a ripple on the breast of the newsmonger. The brightest lights of journalism burn dimly, and hide their dreariness in long and dismal reviews of unread and unreadable books. The most inexhaustible of club oracles—store-houses of news and wells of gossip, not always undefiled—have nothing now to talk of but the state of their stomachs and the ventilation of the new smoking-room. As most people, I take it, would as soon read Coke upon Littleton as a Derby analysis, the sporting papers are not generally popular or pleasant. The theatres having lost the gloss of Christmas, and being yet a long way from the freshness of Easter drag heavily on; a failure or two, like the *Nightingale* serving to break the dead level of *School*—the scholars whereof must be grown up; *New Men*—which are *not* new; and the production of a novelty by a certain Dr. Oliver Goldsmith—*She Stoops to Conquer*. Yet there is one thing connected with the footlights which one may stop to chronicle.

I think the stage neither at its best nor its worst. I believe Mr. Boucicault to have inherited the mantle of neither Shakspeare nor Aphra Behn. Dr. Westland Marston is not so fine as Massinger, but Mr. Robertson, if not *quite* the Sheridan of the day, is decidedly pleasanter than Elkanah Settle, and Nahum Tate cannot be considered in the hunt with Mr. Byron, Mr. Burnand, or Mr. Brough. But there can hardly be a doubt I imagine, that that modern and miserable innovation burlesque has done much to degrade the modern British theatre. The petty, feeble, fairy extravagancies which preceded these coarse pleasantries were not Intellectual Treats, like Mr. Adams' Orrery, but they were harmless. The deliberate outrages upon (among others) Shakspeare, Goethe, Euripides, Byron, and Sir Walter Scott, are justifiable on no grounds, by even the most ardent admirer of the Canterbury Hall. Mr. Gilbert deserves every credit for endeavouring to raise this melancholy and mechanical branch of dramatic art from the music-hall mud in which it has so long been smothered. The *Princess* is a graceful attempt to invest burlesque with a grace and refinement to which it has hitherto been a stranger. It is twice as witty and fifty times as poetical as the rhymed stuff which, properly (or improperly) "legged," generally brings down the town. And yet I much fear that the piece must be considered a failure. It has an unpardonable fault. It is too good for the age.

And now let me entrench myself behind my *Telegraph* and see if haply there be anything, like a periwinkle, worth picking out with a pen. What are these "drawbacks on sugar" that I see staring me in the face? My grocer says, unhesitatingly, "*Flies*"; but I don't think it can be that. Cook's suggestion, "*Sand*," may be nearer the mark; though, after all, *price* seems the simplest explanation. Take it in the lump, sugar is as costly a thing as comes to table, excepting perhaps, your wife, who is more expensive and scarcely so sweet. What is the difference, I wonder, between a sugar-breaker and a sugar-broker? A coffee-grinder and coffee-grounds appears to form the nearest parallel. Like out-screaming a cockatoo, it is a matter of voice. The middle voice must be the baritone, which comes between tenor and bass. Which would you rather have, a tenor and Bass, or a fiver and Alsopp? It is, I should say, a nice pint. Old Gutleton dead, and friends will please—I do. I recollect Mrs. Gutleton telling me, when I asked for G. at her very last ball, that he was "doing his *devours!*" I looked for him in the supper-room, but he was making himself agreeable upstairs. I have heard that the same gentlewoman once said of an objectionable person, that he was entirely "tattooed" by the ladies, intending to convey, I presume, his ostracism by the fair sex. Troppman. Ah! I suppose that imaginative young person has, by this time, lost his head—not for the first time. Much the shortest way, the guillotine. It cuts across, you see. Roping is clumsy, as well as, occasionally, immoral. *Apropos*, why should Calcraft be a clever violinist? Because he executes neatly on a single string. What has been doing at West Drayton? "A band of ruffians surrounded Mr. Hobson, hissed and hooted, and would probably have maltreated——" Quite so. Another argument in favour of doing away with these miserable gate-money speculations, which have about as much connexion with real sport as the Champion of the Middle Weights has with chivalry. A greasy vagabond loses his dollar on the "crock" he fancies (Heaven help us—*he fancies!*), and the brute being beaten, tries to savage the rider—in this instance, a gentleman who would as soon shoot the Archbishop of Canterbury as pull any beast he was steering! Every gentleman-rider will soon have to carry a revolver, and wear a light cuirass under his jacket, unless, indeed, they give up going to such places, which it is devoutly to be hoped they will. The Derby? Surely it is too early to think about that yet. Who can dream of SUNSHINE, or even of SUNLIGHT, or anything merry in mid-winter? Yet here is an Epsom conundrum:—My first goes over my second, and my whole turns a somerset upside down. Find out that, back it freely, fly the country before settling-day, and all may yet be well. And having brought down my notes to June, I may as well fold up my broad sheet, which anyone may have at half-price.

ALL'S WELL, ENDS WELL.

WHO asks how came it so? The same
Happens to others every day.
By chance or fate, the meeting came;
Which, who shall say?

It was not much that either said,
But each felt richer for that night.
You turned as I drew near, so red,
When I went, white.

And then came meetings day by day,
Our only thoughts 'neath sun and moon.
The summer quickly passed away,
Only too soon.

We pressed fond hands, for nothing smiled,
For nothing foolish tears let fall.
We quarrell'd, and were reconciled,
And meant it all.

Then autumn came and winter white:
The swallows fled to skies of blue.
Love? It was freezing day and night.
It froze us too.

I was recalled to distant lands.
With courteous grace you said "Farewell."
With courteous grace I kissed your hands.
All's well, ends well.

THE GRUMBLER.

RICHMOND! What, you live at Richmond? No, you don't. Well, then, so much the better for you. Why so? Why, because Richmond is just about the very last place on earth that any human being dreading fire and fond of water should think of residing in.—How is that? Why, because fires there are fatal, and water they have not.—Not got water? No water! Have the river, at all events. Have they? Yes, for piscatorial and boating purposes they have a river—for catching uneatable barbel and white-baitey gudgeon at half-a-crown an hour—there certainly is a river; but for any practical purposes—water proper—water to drink, water to wash with, cleanse the streets, or quench a fire—bah! not a drop, without the consent of his highness the turncock at Battersea, five miles off, and who represents some water company, evidently a very limited one, to judge from the limits put to their supply.—What has Battersea to do with Richmond? Ah, that is the question. You see, if a fire breaks out in Richmond, the inhabitants, who are a very quiet, early-go-to-bed people, don't like to be disturbed in the middle of the night by shouts, and cries, and knocking at the door to arouse the dormant turncock. So of course the farther away from the town he lives the better, and Battersea was naturally selected for his place of residence that he might be most conveniently out of the way at the very moment he would be wanted.—A nice state of things, is it? Well, I should rather say it is a very nasty state of things. Suppose some day or other a great fire was to take place anywhere in Richmond—say, for example, at the Castle Hotel, the Rose Tavern, one of the old lodges in the park, or the famed Star and Garter, for instance—on the hill or below the hill—in short, anywhere. Some wide-awake, intelligent coachman, perhaps, returning home late, sees smoke or flames, and immediately proceeds to arouse the inmates of the burning house, and then sets off in search of a policeman, who, of course, he finds after half-an-hour's persevering exertions—it being a singular fact in the nature of a policeman that he is always sure to be found farthest off from the very spot he would likely to be wanted at. Well, being found, they would proceed to force open the doors, and, of course, when

they have succeeded in getting open the door, nothing human can possibly get in, nor anything earthly come out, save volumes of smoke and roaring flames. Helter, pelter, rattling, scattering, come tearing along the ruddy engines. Up they pull in an instant, down jump the gallant worsted-coated fellows—out come the horses, unrolled are the hose in the twinkling of an eye;

"Whitford and Mitford ply their pumps,"

But well may they and Clutterbuck be

"In doleful dumps,"

"For ah! no laurels shall they reap,"

And in good truth they might just as well be

"In the donjon keep
Of Bridewell's gloomy mound,"

as uselessly trying to pump on Richmond's thirsty hill.—Why, the water ain't turned on? Of course it is!—No it ain't.—Yes it is.—I tell you it ain't, shout dozens of voices.—Where's the turncock, where does he live?—At Battersea. Battersea, how far's that?—Five to six miles. —Can you see the dismayed faces of the firemen? It must be two hours before they can get one drop of water, and the building before them in one gigantic flame. Hollo! there's a human being at the window—where's the fire escape? In the churchyard. No, it ain't. Yes, it is. I tell you it ain't. The parson said he wouldn't have it there, it was no ornament to the place, and might be taken as an insult by several of the relations of the defunct buried in the yard, as reminding them there was no fire-escapes from the place many of them had possibly gone to. So he very properly ordered it to be sent away—removed, in fact. Well, where is it? Why, at the police-station—I tell yer it ain't.—Then where is it?—They wouldn't have it at the station, because of some jealous feeling or other—about not having to do with taking people down—a policeman's duty being to take 'em up—so they sent it away. Well, where is it?—At the infirmary?—No.—In the pound?—No, it ain't.—Well, where is it?—Why, the wheels are at the blacksmith's, and the rest has been broken up this year past!—Ah! a nice state of things; and all this time human beings are being roasted alive before gaping hundreds, maddened from incapacity to help, engines cracking before a heat they are impotent to subdue—and this, yes, all this before one of the most favourite resorts of civilisation, and in a town boasting of being the prettiest in Europe, and within a distance of eight miles of the great metropolis of the world.

Going to remove Temple Bar? Are they? Well, I don't believe it, but they ought, if only to make room for Bright's seven four-in-hands.—What was Temple Bar originally erected for? Who knows? Most likely as front for some wax-work exhibition—the figures on the west side in Roman costume represent the Roman ancestors of the late lamented Madame Tussaud, and the likenesses (if their faces were washed) are said to be remarkable. The two figures on the east side are those of Mother Brownrigg, executed for whipping her apprentice girls, and Mr. Richard Turpin as he appeared the day of his celebrated ride to Tyburn—at least, they may just as well represent those personages as any one else, for aught one human being in this great city cares. The whole thing is a nuisance—a regular, cold obstruction, and should have been removed ages ago—yes, in the great Lord Mayor Picket's time, who reigned A.D. 1790; and the only act of wisdom ever perpetrated by any of those exalted personages—(if we except that of the illustrious Laurie, who very nearly succeeded in "putting down" suicide)—emanated from the brain of that truly great individual who moved in Aldermanic Council, that Temple Bar be voted a nuisance and transported elsewhere—but which it wasn't.—Where would I have it removed to? Why, anywhere, anywhere out of the way, which it is always *in*, and has been from 2 to 4 p.m. particularly, ever since it was built.—What would I do with it? Why, remove it to the Embankment, and there place it as an entrance to the Hungerford penny boats, make boxes of the two side entrances for the money takers with a couple of bronze turnstiles in the centre, one for the passengers to pass through. Yes, down with it—it must come down, and give place to progress, civilisation and humanisation flowing so rapidly City-wards.—Yes!

Out of the way old Temple Bar,
Out of the way old Temple Bar;
You've been an obstruction too long by far,
So down at once with Temple Bar.

You represent many old abuses
That had neither ornament nor uses,
And that existed without excuses.
But modern progress now deduces,
They're swept away despite all ruses.

So down at once with Temple Bar,
Out of the way old Temple Bar;
You've been a nuisance too long by far;
So out of the way old Temple Bar.

The Sporting Man.

THE TURF.

I NOTICE that one of the sporting papers of last week has some very well-timed remarks on the nomenclature of horses. Some few weeks back readers of the *Man About Town* may recollect that I brought the same subject under their notice, and as publicity often leads to discussion, and discussion to action, it may not be amiss to keep the matter before the public; for a more striking instance of smaller ills being often more harassing than greater ones could not be selected. Besides this, it is the public who has the most to complain of the present state of things, for it is often impossible for them to know what animals they are backing, unless they have several volumes of the *Calendar* within their reach. No principle is involved, and it is difficult to see how any one could find any ground for opposition. As to the *argument* that people should be allowed to do as they like with their own horses, it is ridiculous, for it would imply that an owner should be allowed to run a four-year-old for the Criterion Stakes, or put up any weight he liked in the Alexandra Plate at Ascot. The present rules (or rather absence of them) open a way to fraud and chicanery, of which we have already enough, and have no single advantage to counterbalance the numerous evils which they cause, whilst the adoption of the three laws which I roughly sketch below would save a world of trouble to every one, from the august personages in Burlington-street down to the sporting groom who invests "half a sov. on this thing of the Baron's." Here are the rules to which I allude, and to which I respectfully call the attention of the sporting world in general for consideration, and to the sporting press in particular for comment:—1st. No horse shall be entered (and consequently shall not start) for any race until he has received a name. 2nd. Every owner of horses shall select a name for his horse and send it to Messrs. Weatherby, who will, after verifying the fact that the name has not been used previously, (or within the last twenty years, if thought better,) register the proposed name; but if they find that the proposed name has been used before, they will inform the owner of the fact, and he shall send them a different name as often as it may be necessary to repeat the transaction. 3rd. No horse, once named and registered, shall have his name changed or altered under any circumstances whatsoever. 4th. Messrs. Weatherby may submit the name even when original, to one of the Stewards of the Jockey Club before they register the same, and it shall be in his power to authorise them to refuse it, should it appear in any way objectionable.

These four clauses of a short "bill" would do away with the four nuisances of unnamed horses, vulgarly named horses, several of the same name running at the same time or within a few years, and of a horse beginning life under one name and almost exhausting the dictionary before retiring from the Turf. I write this with the salutary fear of Mr. Savile and the Baron, among other owners, before my eyes, as they do not often christen any of their steeds before they have passed the Rubicon; but I am sure that the trouble which they would find themselves saved by an alteration of the law would incline them to forgive them soon after.

The slight—very slight—fillip given to speculation last week by the appearance of the entries for the handicaps has not lasted, and we have relapsed into dulness unutterable, which the South County Hunt Steeplechases—I believe that is the high-sounding title—rather added to than diminished. Oh! Gate-money, *encore de tes coups!* I suppose there will be no betting of any moment till the weights and acceptances of the Liverpool Steeplechase and Chester Cup are given to the world, but I incline to fancy that, as far as the Derby and Two Thousand Guineas are concerned, one or two of the favourites will soon go, the accounts of them that have reached me being very unfavourable.

I must make haste to get to the end of my Derby review, or I shall find Lincoln upon us and the task not yet achieved.

Chancelier (late Chatelain) is by Monarque—Chevrette, and another of the numerous dark horses which there are to be found in the quotations of this year's Blue Riband. Two things worthy of remark are the number of horses in the betting who have never yet been out, and of the fact that nearly every stable which has a favourite has one or more second strings to fall back upon. What Chancelier can do is, of course, only a matter of conjecture; but for my part, though I should like to see the Count credited with a second victory at Epsom, I firmly refuse to believe in the chances either of Alaric or Chancelier, and as Prince can hardly be brought to the post, I fear that another year at least must elapse before we toss off a bumper in honour of the blue and red sleeves.

Exciseman, a bay colt by Saunterer out of Lady Elizabeth, and own brother to Coastguard, made his *début* in the Stephenson Biennial at Newcastle. La Rille, 8st. 3lb., won, beating Syrian, 8st. 12lbs., by a head, while Exciseman, who carried 8st. 10lbs., was a like distance behind Major Stapylton's colt. This not very great feat he did not much improve on when he made his second bid for fame in the Juvenile Stakes at York, and where My Lady, never more than a second-rater, beat him a head at 2lbs. For the third and last time as a two-year-old he ran in the Eglinton Stakes at Doncaster, but could only get fifth in a field of five to Camel, Agility, White Slave, and Perfume. On these performances he can have no earthly chance of winning the Derby, yet certain people keep on backing him, perhaps because "one fool makes many," as the old proverb has it. If the Derby is to go for a second time to Middleham, it must be by the aid of a better horse than M. le Précepteur.

Asterope, who has during the past week made some little advance in the betting, is another of the useful children which Madame Eglantine has borne to Beadsman and Asteroid, and which have been so profitable to the Cannon Heath stable. Being by Asteroid, she is only half-sister to the Palmer and Rosicrucian. Her first appearance was in a 200 sov. sweepstakes at the Newmarket First Spring Meeting, where, with odds of 7 to 4 laid on her, she disposed of Mantilla (then the Basquine filly) and Scarboro' without any difficulty. She then went amiss, and did not run again until Goodwood, where, in the Lavant Stakes, Mantilla had her revenge for the Newmarket defeat by finishing three lengths in front of her, at a disadvantage of 3lbs. The Champagne Stakes at Doncaster was an exact reproduction of the Goodwood race, Sunshine, Mantilla, and Asterope again being 1, 2, 3; but while Sunshine beat Mantilla a bit easier than before, Asterope was a little nearer the latter, though never sufficiently so as to be at all dangerous. Her fourth and last race was at the S. O. Meeting, where she won a post match made by Sir Joseph with Baron Rothschild. It is, however, necessary to add that Mahonia, who represented the Baron, was then all to pieces, and not the mare who lowered Kingeraft's colours at Ascot. Her first race was of a nature to make one think she was something out of the common; but her two succeeding races show that Mantilla was not then fit, so that performance must not go for much in estimating her chance. Sunshine beat her so far both at Goodwood and Doncaster, that it is difficult to see on what grounds she can have a chance to be backed while the latter remains well. Of Sir J. Hawley's other candidates only one has been ever mentioned in connexion with the Derby, and that is Blue Stocking by Thormanby, out of Blue Gown's dam, who is another of the dark candidates. Though backed for a little money some weeks since, I fear she is not likely to do justice to her illustrious parentage, so that Asterope is the sole champion of the stable entitled even to the smallest respect, and she will find many superiors in her three-year old battles.

The colt by Thormanby—Blue Bell—is the property of Mr. W. Bevill, and made his *début*, a very hot favourite, for the Twelfth Ascot

Bienniel, which he won somewhat easily by a length from Mont Blanc, Vandenhoff, Nobleman, Hollandaise, and six others. This respectable performance he endeavoured to eclipse in the New Stakes on Thursday, but Temple, Atlantes, Green Riband, Hester, Roquefort, and Recorder, who finished in the order named, kept him out of the first half-dozen. In the Corporation Stakes at Brighton (a favourite race of Mr. Bevill's), he upset a great pot in Burgundy, who had the week before beaten Alaric and Guy Dayrell, and had also Golden Horn, to whom he gave 15lbs., Pâté, Elferon, and Calypso, in his rear. In the Priory Stakes at Lewes, two days later, he succumbed, as at Ascot, to Green Riband, with Captivator, who carried the same weight, a head behind him. It is, however, true that Green Riband was getting 12lbs. from Mr. Bevill's colt instead of 5lbs., as in the New Stakes, and that Recorder was behind him here instead of being in front of him as on that occasion. In the King John Stakes at Egham, Stockhausen and Pâté both beat him. His running with the latter is rather puzzling, as at Brighton, over the same distance, and at the same weights, he beat her several lengths, while here she was a head in front of him. His last race was for the Middle Park Plate, where, with 4lbs. extra, he could not get nearer than eighth. His form, I think, is not first-class, but very nearly so, and will probably enable the sagacious Mr. Bevill to run one or two good handicaps, but not quite the Derby. His double defeat by Green Riband deprives him of a claim to support for the blue.

Moorlands is a dark colt by Lord Clifden—Audrey, and a stable companion of the above. He was said to be better than the Blue Bell colt, after this latter had shown fair form, as always is the case when a stable has a good horse, rarely as the prognostication is verified. His failure to appear in the Middle Park Plate and one or two other races where he had engagements, seems a contradiction of this story, and "the information which I have received corroborates this supposition. Copious odds against the Lord Clifden colts, represented by Moorlands and Hawthornden, for the Derby.

FORECAST.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

There's many a slip
Betwixt cup and lip,
And many a fortune goes down in a ship;
But I think you'll land
If you only stand
The vessel that never gets wrecked on the sand.

1.

Push, gape, and cackle like a flock of geese,
Then fly before your masters, the police.

2.

Both humble and haughty, adored by the vain,
Often struck, and in turn often striking again.

3.

With Jews, with women, creditors, and friends,
Your chance not seldom upon this depends.

4.

If of reaction kings complain—what then?
"There is a tide in the affairs of men."

5.

A soft, low melody, a potent charm
For infant slumbering on its mother's arm.

IN THE ARENA.

WITHIN a very short space of time the athletic world will be again busy, and the doings of the intending competitors in the two great athletic events of the year—viz., the Inter-University contests on land and water—will be eagerly watched by all. We can promise our readers to do our best to keep them *au fait* with all that is going on with regard to them at both Oxford and Cambridge. The first event to come off is the trial at various distances as to who shall represent the Universities in the foot-racing and jumping. The boating trials were got through last term, so all the captains have to do is to select their eights and superintend their training. No enviable work is the aforesaid training at this time of the year, when, perhaps, the trainer has been celebrating Christmas in a thoroughly English manner—for plum-pudding, punch, and flirtation are the very reverse of what he has now to go through. We wonder if the "golden-haired" one who promised at Christmas to come and see the boat-race has any idea of the privations, work, &c., the individual whom she sent "happy away" will have to undergo in order to get "fit" for the encounter between Putney and Mortlake in March next. We think not, or, if she did, she would but exclaim, as her opinion, that there could be no good in all that horrid training! Nevertheless, whether it does good or bad, as long as Oxford and Cambridge exist, there will always be found plenty who will willingly undergo training to represent their Alma Mater.

In London athletic circles the conversation has been as to whether there is to be the usual Champion Meeting or not this year. The results of the past three years have been most disheartening in every respect. Bad weather, few entries, and small attendance have been heavy losses to the officials of the Amateur Athletic Club, and it is no wonder there is some hesitation in continuing such a meeting. The fact is, the Club has many things to contend against, the chief of which is the want of support given to the meeting by the Universities, which can hardly be wondered at, considering that only one or two days separate the Champion Meeting from the Inter-University contest, when the same runners would have to compete again with fresh comers from all parts. On the other hand, if the meeting is postponed to the summer, the University men are too much engaged with cricket and rackets to go into training again within so short a time. The only Champion Meeting that was really a success was in 1866, a year when the Inter-University sports were not held in London; therefore it is but reasonable to assume that that meeting (which since that year has been held in London) greatly affects the prospects of the Champion Meeting. We sincerely wish some scheme could be formed so as to render this meeting worthy of its name, for there cannot be two opinions about the idea with which it was originally started, viz., to offer valuable prizes for races, and that each race be open on equal terms to gentlemen of all parts of the kingdom. Notwithstanding the failures these meetings have turned out in number of entries and pecuniary loss to the Club, the quality of the competitors has been of the highest order, especially in the "jumping" and "stone putting," as the doings of Mr. Mitchell, of Manchester, in the former, and Mr. Stone in the latter, stand unrivalled amongst amateurs. There is yet plenty of time to form some plan by which the meeting can be held with a fair prospect of success; and, in the hands of Messrs. Chambers and A. S. Wilkinson, the joint Honorary Secretaries of the Amateur Athletic Club, we can rest assured no stone will be left unturned in order to continue it.

The rather amusing trial at the Cork Sessions as to the responsibility of Clubs to give the exact value for the prizes they advertise shows, at any rate, something, viz., that though a margin may be allowed and recognised in the Cork Harbour Club, it is all one way, and gradually increasing, too. The only opinion on the case that we can offer is, that all parties had by far better have washed their dirty linen at home.

THE RABBIT BEAGLE.

IN my last letter I so far progressed with the subject in hand as to bring it down to the dog most properly used for rabbit shooting, and the only one, it fact, that can give it the charm, the cry of a musical little pack ever has in the ears of a true sportsman. Many other dogs will answer the purpose, perhaps nearly as well as the beagle himself, but his voice alone can delight the ear with a chorus unsurpassed by any hounds in existence. Terriers will run rabbits like fun, and so will spaniels, but there is not the charm in shooting to them that there is to a really good cry of beagles. This, I know, I write in contradiction to a great sporting authority, who maintains that terriers are the best dogs for the sport. To the man who looks only to the number of shots obtained it may be so, but to my mind that does constitute the only pleasure in shooting. Having thus decided for the beagle, let us now proceed to see what manner of dog he is, and how he should be used. "These little hounds," said a noted sportsman once to me when showing a very superior cry of them, "small as they are, are the most difficult to obtain, and the most expensive of any hound known if you have them both handsome and good. Nothing can hunt a lower scent, and far more, I have often crossed my harriers with them to improve the kennel in that important particular." They were formerly used a great deal by country squires for hunting hares, but that slow style has now for many years fallen into disrepute, and since our harriers are expected to go as fast as foxhounds, beagles have been dispensed with. Taplin, in his *Sporting Dictionary*, says, "Many packs of these small beagles were formerly kept by country gentlemen at a very small expense, and with no small share of amusement to their rustic neighbours; for although those who joined in the chase might be numerous, yet two or three horsemen only were seen in the field, so easy was it to keep up with them on foot. They were in general so well matched, that they did not exceed ten or eleven inches, and ran so well together that they might, technically speaking, be covered with a sheet. Though they were slow they were sure, and with anything of a scent a hare could seldom escape them."

This sport is still maintained in some quarters, though so rarely that I suspect few of my readers have ever seen real beagles in the field. Last summer I had the pleasure of looking over a very nice pack belonging to Sir Thomas Lennard, of Belhus Park, with which, I hear, he has capital sport during the season, always hunting them on foot. I have not seen them in the field, but hope some day to have an opportunity of so doing, and should such occur, I will lay the details of the sport before my readers. There is also a pack hunting on the outskirts of the southern side of London, but if the reports I have read of them and their doings are true, they are of a very different character from Sir T. Lennard's. These are identically the same as the rabbit beagle, save in education; and as these are religiously broken from rabbit, so the others, to show sport with the gun, must be perfectly steady from hare. The cause of this is obvious, because in shooting a gorse cover, or, in fact, any other, when they find a hare, unless you succeed in rolling her over at once, you stand the chance of airing yourself at the covert side for an hour or so while she leads the pack a dance of a few miles round the adjacent country. This is not a very pleasant alternative, so the best way is to keep them steady from hare, and never shoot one to them; for you may take it as a fact that if you shoot hares to them they will hunt them. In truth, they should be as steady to their game as the best managed foxhounds. In order to ensure this, as well as a means of giving them encouragement, it is well to let a rabbit lay occasionally so that they may run into it when shot, thus they will come to connect triumph with the report of the gun, and as a rabbit is not quite so tender as a woodcock, a little mumbling and manling about will do him no harm, and the pack an immense deal of good. Of the breed there are several varieties, some preferring the single wire-haired beagle, though I fancy myself that he must have a terrier cross, and is not so pure bred as his smooth-coated rival. The great points are hardness, nose and voice; the former is indispensable, because in gorse coverts they must work hard, and no one likes to see his pack tired and giving out ere half the day's work is done. Without the second they are of no use whatever, and the third constitutes their great charm over all other dogs for rabbit shooting. A great many of them have, I fancy, been bred too fine to stand work, as they stumbled so; and I remember reading some time ago of a gentleman who had a couple from a very celebrated kennel presented to him, and after giving them a few days' work with his own team found both the strangers the next morning dead on their benches.

I once owned one of the late Prince Consort's blood that was a wonder. She was, at times, I fear, not kept under so much restraint as would have been good for her, and when the opportunity offered would slip away self-hunting. On these occasions she has been known to find her hare, and literally to run her down single-handed. Strange to say, she never offered to kill them until a terrier joined her in the unauthorised sport, when the latter soon divested it of its bloodless character. Until led astray, however,

Miss Taylor, or Mr. Freeman himself, could not have exercised a more forbearing spirit towards the hunted animal. I know a terrier bred, or at least a half-bred one, as he is out of an old-fashioned mountain harrier or beagle, belonging to a celebrated horse-dealer in the Midlands, who will find his hare and run her fairly down, roads and all other drawbacks notwithstanding. His harrier-blood does not in the least incapacitate him for his more legitimate calling, as a better has seldom been seen at rats—one squeeze and over his head they go dead as door-nails. He is also by no means a bad hand at finding a fox, and has, on more than one occasion, been found a useful member when the hounds have been in the neighbourhood.

My space, I find, is run out, and if I am to say anything more anent the rabbit beagle, it must be in a future number.

AMONG THE FERNS AND WITH THE FAWNS.

BY CEDRIC THE SAXON.

(Concluded from the number of January 15.)

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Foolish curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten apples; you may as well say—that's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives; and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Henry V., Act, III., Scene VII.

"HUNGER," they tell me, "is the best sauce for a meal," said my companion, Jack Rat, as we sauntered towards our little encampment. "For my part," continued Jack, "the only sauce, or, as you would say, condiment, that ever I used was a raw onion, just to coax down a piece of 'country-dick' or 'Suffolk-bang,' in the manufacture of which the milk had been skimmed three times, and then blown with the bellows. At this moment I feel as if I could devour a fricasseed dun-diver, or a cormorant spread-eagled; which two dishes, Master William says, trustworthy ornithologists declare are only fit for Beelzebub, the Prince of the Devils. In my opinion there's nothing like beef and beer for a man to work on; leastways, in our watches on bitter cold nights, I have always found that I could stick closer to a sneaking, poaching rascal, in an up and down, hand to hand encounter, when my stomach had a good lining of beef, and a horn or two of good strong ale was poured into the chinks and crevices."—"How about the venison pie?" said I.—"The pies a lie," said he to I; "but here they are, piling arms; Master William has already begun to uncover the large flat baskets, and I am his butler to-day."

Jack had not exaggerated the chosen site. The ferns were in abundance around us, and fragrance in the air. An azure sky was our canopy, and our prospect a fine panorama. There was a maritime view of the Channel with the snow-white crests of the tidal waves, as they gargling kissed once more the pebbly shore; Selsey Bill jutted out like a mammoth breakwater, whilst the Isle of Wight looked like the hull of the Great Eastern in grey mourning. The pretty village of Slindon could be seen nestled amongst its lively surroundings; whilst, northward, could be traced the Vale of the Weald, a district rich in geological interest, and showing, by its water-washed flints, and its marble, formed almost exclusively of the shells of the whelk or snail species, that it must at some most remote period, possibly earlier than our Bible history, have been an estuary for great rivers, important streams, and even minor rivulets, which, after some one or other submersion of this island, flowed unrestrained through its vales, leaving a Mantell, in his profound researches, to disclose to future ages the wonders of Creation, in the Megalosaurus, and the still more gigantic Iguanodon; the Plesiosaurus, which only required wings to be a flying dragon; whilst, at the same time, turtles and gigantic lizards lived in our climate, and were shaded by forests of palms and arborescent ferns. Eastward could be seen the bold and rugged indentations in the chalk formations, which showed where thousands upon thousands of tons had been stolen, and after conversion into lime, (in kilns which send forth those wreaths of white vapour), borne in barges on the bosom of the Arun, far up the Wold, to aid the husbandman in tempering those stubborn, retentive clays. But now for the breakfast! *Imprimis*, there was placed, on a stand, and (with the exception of a brass tap) completely hidden and shaded by a strong bed of ferns, a nine-gallon cask of fifteen-penny ale from the Eagle brewery, and as I thought, when I tasted it, from one of the best "guiles" that ever came from that establishment. The ginger-beer, too, was the best fermentation that ever was bottled from that old tub of Charley Hatcher's. The acid was purely *citrus*, and the ginger, to use Charley's own words, the real *Jamaco*. "Hatfield," in the Oval Pavilion, is very good; but the "shandygaff" concocted on that memorable morn has never, as a beverage, been surpassed. Two large oval pewter dishes, as bright as silver, contained the solidity of the breakfast—a rump from a four-year-old, grass-fed Sussex steer, killed by William's brother Arthur, had been cut up into 1½-in. steaks. These delicious and strengthening strips of flesh had been cooked the evening before, on the castle gridiron, and as each steak came hot and brown from the bars it was coated with eschalot, chopped almost to a pulp. Two enormous loaves, made of "seconds" flour, baked in a brick oven, heated by bavins and furze fagots, with the bottom crust showing every uneven brick, and telling its age by a sharp echo to a blow from the haft of the "faulding jocteleg," completed *the* breakfast. But stay! there was one, and one only, other dish—it was a small venison pasty; and there was noticeable a slight tremor in Jack's small, but well-knit frame, as he handed it to his captain, amidst sly and dry remarks, headed by John Slaughter, the fisherman, with, "Look out, Jack! there's ratsbane in that dish!" This, so essentially a breakfast luxury, was intended as a compliment to me, but only William and his brother John partook of it; their appetites were beginning to be delicate—cold upon cold was quietly carrying out a deadly mission—and consumption has, now many years past, laid them low, and claimed them as its own!

It was a pleasant, comely sight to see these sturdy vassals choose their verdant stools. Pewter plates were at the service of all; and possibly I was the only one who availed myself of the luxury; but it was simply to convoy my thumb-piece to its trencher, a slice of home-made bread cut thick. I fought for the point-steak, for in selecting beef I always go as far away from the horns as I can. My companions in arms, I noticed, chose the butt end, remarking that "*meat* would stay by you longer than *fat*."

What a study there was in that morning's meal! Each one carefully examined his "langkail gullie," or his "faulding jocteleg," and if the slightest evidence of recent blood-spilling remained upon the blade, it was driven sharply two or three times through the green sward, and then had a "slick," or two, on the greasy gaiter. Jack was the only one who despised the rough etiquette of his companions. He sat himself down by my side, and was proceeding to cut a most enviable crust from the home-made loaf, with the blade streaked with the congealed blood of the innocents, when I roared out to him, "Clean that blade, or eat your meal beyond the precincts of these ferns!"

I would give a trifle to possess a photograph of that group—a merry, laughing circle, round which floated the joke, the jest, and the whim; whilst massive jaws kept even time, and by their true action gave evidence of "staying powers." At all events, the French noble *Orleans* could not say of them,

"Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef."

They were a hardy lot used to all weathers, and accustomed occasionally in dark woods, lonesome glades, and in unked nooks, to grapple with powerful, dogged, and desperate foemen. Five hours of continued walking had put a keen edge upon appetites, by no means dull at any time, and many miles, over hill and dale, valley and plain, through forest, furze, and fern, had been traversed between "the breaking of the day," and the breaking of their fast. Envy no man, is a Scriptural injunction, but at this moment I would give something more than a farthing to possess that wholesome art of devouring with a ravenous relish my morning meal!

But, although there had been perhaps hungry hours, when the hedgehog, squirrel, or even the rat, would have been accepted as a stop-gap; yet they had never endured the many hardships encountered by Seth Baillie "The Free Trapper," as narrated in a paper which appeared in *All the Year Round*, for January 15th:—"He had made meals on many anomalous things from the animal and vegetable worlds, including a pair of old mocassins, sage brush leaves, grasshoppers, and beaver skins; and had more than once eaten his horse from under him; but he declared that an old carrion crow was the most unpalatable article he ever dined on. In reference to this (and the phrase he also applied metaphorically to many things in life, which though not unbearable, are yet scarcely to be wished for), he used to say, "I kin eat crow, cap'n, but darn me, ef I hanker arter it." I have in my time assisted at many a pleasant and *recherché déjeûner*, but in this primitive repast there was a certain peculiar and indescribable charm; there was novelty in that thumb-piece, and the trencher of bread; there was some little art in the division of that delicious "point,"—so that a tit-bit should be left for the last piece of the trencher, or that piece of sweet "kissing-crust" be held in reserve for the *bonne-bouche*. "Sheath, sheath! consider your earnings my lads!" said William to his little army. "I shall allow you half an hour's smoke; there's a quarter of a pound of real Virginia, and I shall restrict you to three pints of ale; there are many slavish hours before you, and well I ween that long before the ploughman leaves his daily task, and trudging homeward whistles on the way, *your whistles* will want wetting; and ere the sun a declining ray casts far and near, or drives his chariot down the western way, you will 'hanker arter' those solid remnants in the bright oval dish." "As for you," continued William, addressing me, "indulge your calumet, but we must be up and doing; Jack only counts twenty-one fawns, and I must have fifty before sunset; the herd are making their way towards the Houghton-Down side of the Park, and when you hear the first gun, steer in the direction of the report, for I should like you to see the herd break ground; it is a grand sight!"

I filled the "cutty" once more, and lighted it by a concentration of the rays of the sun, and had scarcely sent forth half a dozen whiffs, when, in imagination, this dialogue, or whatever you may please to call it, from a well-known voice, now silent in the tomb, floated towards me on the softest of zephyrs. It began with that biting interrogation which carries the answer with it, and defies expostulation—"Do you call this killing of fawns sport? Can it be compared to a day over the stubbles in the forenoon with your father's brace of liver-and-white pointers, 'Wasp' and 'Sting,' who backed and down-charged so magnificently? Or can it approach an afternoon in the turnips, after the stubbles had been well driven, with that lemon-and-white pointer, 'Old Carlow,' the very best single-handed dog that ever went into a close country, although, from some early encouragement, he would occasionally chase a hare? Or can it be named in the same breath with a morning's snipe-shooting in those rushy meads with here and there a treacherous patch of emerald green morass, and with that wonderful Irish water-dog as our retriever, and when twelve couples have been bagged without losing a bird that had been fairly dropped, and whom no stream could stop in his pursuit of a fallen snipe or a winged mallard?"

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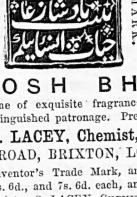

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